

herself went to sleep in her time. Rising
 early in the
 morning to grind corn for the household
 the daughter
 or daughter-in-law sings in a long-drawn
 tune, to the
 accompaniment of the grindstone, verse
 composed by
 a predecessor and giving apt expression to
 her own
 heart's thoughts. The cooly sawing
 timber is not
 without his relaxation in this style. The
 harsh sound
 produced by the metal cutting its way
 through wood
 is relieved to the ears of the passerby by
 nonsense
 rhyme whose abruptness matches the
 noise made by
 the hand-drawn saw.

II

Some songs of this kind are current in
 and around
 Seringapatam, One of them relates to an
 athlete who
 ran a gymnasium for young fellows. This
 man dies
 and these same young fellows are praising
 him and
 describing the impression produced

"When the master walked down
 The central road in Ganjam town.*"

" Don't you try to rule the roost, nor walk
 about
 unwarily"—that was the instruction in those
 days. The
 boys of this gymnasium went to another
 gymnasium
 to fight. What happened? The young
 fellows of this
 latter gymnasium fled ignominiously. This
 athlete,
 however, was mortal like common men and
 died. The
 disciples made a grave for him in the
 gymnasium
 itself. I have not got the song complete.
 These are
 only scraps. It is altogether a very spirited
 song and

reflects the athleticism which was common
in the
Seringapatam country not long ago and
traces of which
can still be observed in the people there.